

## Facts, Fiction, Fancies and Fashion of Interest to the Women of Washington

## Helene's Married Life

By May Christie

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## XXVIII—Alice's Confession

I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own ears, so astounded was I over Alice's announcement! It was obvious that she didn't notice me. She was much too intent on Tony, and her meeting with that worthless youth, to have eyes to spare for his companion.

When I emerged, then, from the shadows, materialized by Tony's side, she gave a small, affected scream.

"Good heavens, Helene! How you did startle me!" Embarrassment and a hint of anger mingled in her tone. "I didn't see you."

"Quite evidently not!" I answered. "I was tired of Alice's ridiculous intrigues. With a handsome, kindly husband who adored her, her flirtations simply couldn't be condoned. And Tony Lancelles was such a worthless object!"

"I just wanted to tell Tony about our patient's statement," Alice considerably disconcerted. "I thought he'd be interested."

"He will be!" I emphasized my words. "I think that Tony is more interested in the patient—and with more definite reason—than either you or I, Alice!"

My voice held a mysterious note. Tony no doubt would guess that I knew more than I cared to say. I wished to keep his mind on tatters, and I had him in my power now, and I meant to use that power for his discomfiture.

"Helene, what do you mean?" Alice cleverly seized of my remark to draw attention from her own compromising position. "What on earth are you insinuating?" The baby stare of which she was past mistress—came into her blue eyes again. Her voice held a childish note.

"Ask Tony," I said briefly. "And don't let me interrupt your little late-afternoon."

I sped across the lawn toward the lighted door from which I saw Alice had but recently emerged.

The hall was empty. I crossed its spaciousness, and ascended the shallow staircase to the upper floor. Involuntarily my feet led me toward Jim's room. Oh, how I yearned for him, my husband!

Alas! The door was closed. His mother and his nurse were with him—and I, his wife, shut out. A mist of foolish tears blinded my eyes. I hurried down the corridor toward my own apartment. Dinner would be ready presently—and must dress for it. I shut my bedroom door behind me, and was quite alone.

"Helene Beauchamp—Helene St. Aubyns," I remarked to my tearful image in the looking-glass. "For heaven's sake, do be cheerful! Make the best of things! Buck up!"

But naturally I am not philosophic. My heart rules my head—in the most foolish, painful way.

No woman who is in love can be quite logical. I'm no exception to my sex. I'm not strong-minded, resolute. On the contrary, I'm dreadfully feminine.

And so I yearned for Jim. I wept. I saw no light ahead. Every-

thing was dark and dreary and impossible.

Except the one outstanding fact that Jim was on the mend.

When I gave way to tears I am no longer pretty. My nose takes on a pinkish hue. In fact, I look ridiculous.

But cry I did—tormentally.

Oh! the queer kinks and twists of fate! I—while through my own unreasoning folly had lost my husband's love—adored him still! And Alice—another—loved by a splendid husband—could yet stoop to flirt with a never-do-well like Tony!

"It's a hateful world," I bitterly remarked to the tear-swollen image in the looking-glass. "I wish that I were dead!"

A light knock sounded on my door.

"Helene, dear—open! It's only Alice!"

"No, don't come in! Please don't!" I cried. I was in no mood for company. Besides, I felt I hated Tony and Alice and their miserable flirtation. Together they had spoiled my happiness.

"Helene!" Before I could prevent her, Alice had popped her head inside the room. "Great guns! Whatever is the matter?"

Alice had reason for her exclamation. For indeed I looked a sight! Swollen nose and reddened eyelids, and a trickle of tears still on my flushed countenance.

She slipped across the room, real condescension in her eyes.

"Helene, crying for Tony! I know it! You're angry—because I'd planned to meet him for a moment—"

I swung around to face her. I was furious now.

"You little sentimental goose!" I cried. "What do I care for either you or Tony! You two can flirt to your heart's content, for all I mind! Just because you happen to admire a worthless man is no reason why I, too, should suffer the same hallucinations. Please make a note of that!"

"This terse criticism pulled Alice back to earth. She flushed uneasily.

"Helene, please don't be spiteful!" I'm not spiteful—only truthful!" snappily I answered. "Alice, you make me sick and tired! I don't give two pins for Tony—never did—and never shall!"

My words carried conviction. A relieved look came into Alice's blue eyes. But she remarked, inquisitively:

"Then what on earth are you crying over?"

"The general rottenness of life," I answered, grimly, wiping a few refractory tears away. "One must be an idiot sometimes, I suppose."

"And you don't care for Tony?" Alice asked, with eagerness.

"Of course not—goose!"

Alice came down on my bed. With a weary little gesture, she put a hand across her forehead.

"Helene," she said, "I am awfully frightened! Tony's got me in his power!"

"Tomorrow—Returning Good for Evil."

## Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

To most of us the very idea of doing without traffic policemen seems absurd. With their whistles, snappy uniforms and majestic gestures they are the idols of small boys, the torment of wild drivers, and the protector of the rest of us. We just simply can't see how we can do without them.

But at no crossing or crowded street in Washington is traffic so thick and congested as at many similar places in Paris. And yet there, with camions, taxis, autos and pushcarts, weaving in and out continually, there are no authoritative traffic cops. Every driver is his own. A foreigner, not understanding the language, might suppose that the dialogues which take place between these drivers, trying to use the same spot at the same time, were simply apologies for having driven in one another's way. Frenchmen in books and on the stage always bow and beg "you first, monsieur, if you please." But no. As one driver shoots his car through a space hardly wide enough for a motorcycle, causing all others to dodge, stop and mutter, his entire car seems to bow and suggest politely that "after me, gentlemen, you all come first."

Could we handle traffic or fail to handle it in the same manner? We could not. Then we must agree with Private Doughboy in his epic remark that "the French sure are funny people."

**In Ordering Dinner.**

Dear Miss Lee: When having luncheon or dinner with a gentleman should he select the meal or should the young lady make her choice?—*Anonymous*

Either way is proper. The young man generally asks if you have a preference or you can suggest that he order. It will no doubt make

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**

**LEILA.**

The original Leila must have been a "vamp." It is distinctly a Moorish name—in fact, it is translated to mean "Moorish"—and it was usually bestowed upon the loveliest of the always beautiful Moorish maidens.

In reality it is generally supposed to be one of the feminine names derived from the lily. As the lily is the fairest of flowers, perhaps Leila is the most beautiful of her tribe, came thus to be used as a proper name. Etymologists are frankly puzzled by her origin, since it seems that only the Hebrew and Slavonic tongues give names really taken from flowers.

Leila's talismanic gem is the ruby, the "elixir of life," which gives courage and freedom from harm, and strength of purpose to its wearer. Friday is her lucky day and 6 her lucky number. The lily signifying purity is her flower.

Lord Byron said of Leila, in "The Glaur":

"Her eye's dark charm, 'twere vain to tell,  
But gaze on that of the gazelle.  
As large, as languishingly dark,  
But soul beamed forth in every spark.  
That darted from beneath the lid,  
Bright as the ruby of Giamchid."

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**TEA LEAVES REMOVE STAINS FROM WOOD**

Tea leaves may be used to renovate painted wood which is stained and marked. The leaves taken from the teapot after tea has been made should be placed in a basket and soaked for ten minutes in boiling water.

A clean piece of flannel, dipped in the liquid and rubbed over the stained places, will remove the marks. The surface of the wood should be rubbed again with a dry cloth, and with a small application of liquid vaseline, thoroughly rubbed in, for the final polish.

## "Dinner Neglige" Offered by Famous Designer Is Graceful Compromise Between Dinner Frock and Gown "Intime"



By CORA MOORE

New York's Fashion Authority.

New York.—The "dinner negligee" is the latest fashion offering of famous designers. It is a cross between a regulation dinner frock and a room gown as negligee.

Premet in Paris and Grunaker here make a point of the perfectly corrected foundation, for the negligee that is an alternative for the "hostess" gown is in no wise intended to countenance lounging or carelessness.

The first of the gowns illustrated is of blue changeable taffeta. The yoke, sleeves and banding at the foot are of novelty lace with the design overworked in blue worsted. The frock is cut straight all around and takes shape only from the belt or sash which crosses and holds in the back.

The second of the models is of pink chiffon, figured gray and pink chiffon and crepe de chine. First there is a skirt of the plain chiffon, accordion-plaited, and a round bodice of the crepe with a band of the figured chiffon at the top. Over this falls the crepe in considerable fullness, caught in at the waistline with a crepe twist. The scarf that is hung over one shoulder is of the plain chiffon plaited diagonally, first one way then the other, forming checked effect.



## :: Excellent Advice ::

By DOROTHY DIX,  
Highest-paid Woman Writer.

## How to Break Off a Match.



A woman writes me that her daughter is in love with a man of whom she highly disapproves, and she wants to know how she can break off the match, for the girl is determined to marry her unsuitable suitor.

Of course the only reliable method of preventing an undesirable marriage is to forestall it. If the girl is in love with the wrong parties. It's a case where an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and if parents' foresight was only as good as far as the girl's sentimental matters, they could save themselves and their children many heartaches.

Quarantine your house as rigidly against beautiful girls, and prevent young men from associating with those whom you would not welcome as sons and daughters-in-law. Follow these rules, and you are reasonably safe from having to interfere in your children's love affairs.

But there are times when all rules fail, and all precautions are in vain, and when fathers and mothers are in the bud to save their children from the folly of wrecking their lives by making disastrous marriages.

The great difficulty about doing this is that when boys and girls are in love, or think they are in love, they are temporarily insane and beyond the reach of reason. They cannot be argued with because they have lost all judgment, and all perspective on life. They may admit that the argument you advance against their marrying the individual they want to marry would be cogent in other cases, but they are convinced that their own cases are exceptions.

A still further difficulty is that love thrives on difficulties, and there is no surer way to make a match than to oppose it, and in their anxiety and their panic at the danger that threatens their beloved child, parents are nearly always betrayed into the fatal step of asserting their authority, and forbidding the bans, which precipitates the calamity they dread.

If, therefore, you wish to break off a match never openly oppose it, for that puts the youngsters' backs up, and they will be determined to assert their independence, and show that they are not children to be dictated to. Neither be guilty of the folly of continually harping upon the undesired sweetheart's shortcomings. This makes the lover rush to the defense of the one of whom he is enamored, and not only marshall his or her every argument and good quality, but manufactures additional ones to justify his choice.

There are, however, many ways of choking a cat except upon butter. You will recall that the wife of the Major Pendennis, when called upon to break off the match between his nephew and a fascinating but blowsy actress, murmured as he read over her letters: "Ah, yes. Lovely creature, lovely creature. Adore you. I see she spells 'affection' with one 'f.' Lovely creature, lovely creature."

But that one "f" did for Arthur what all his mother's tears and entreaties and prayers had not been able to do.

A certain mother, whose young son imagined himself in love with a very common girl, was agitated when the boy announced his choice of a wife. She did not bat an eye, however, when she delivered the blow that dashed all of her hopes for him to the ground.

"Whatever is for your happiness, is for mine," she said. "Bring William to stay with us at once." Joyously the boy brought William, but prudent mother had fitted the house with the most beautiful and charming girls of her acquaintance, and when the boy saw Williamella against his background instead of

CHILDREN'S  
SUNRISE STORIESUNCLE WIGGILY AND  
SUSIE'S DOLL HOUSE.  
By HOWARD R. GARIS

"Come, Susie! Hurry or you'll be late for school!" called Mrs. Littletail.

"Oh, Mother! I don't want to go to school today!" Susie answered.

"Why Susie! The idea! What's the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Littletail.

"I want to stay home and fix up my doll house," said Susie. Lulu and Alice Wiggilwobble, the duck girls, are coming here this afternoon to have a party, and I want my doll house to look nice."

"Why, Susie! The idea! Stay home from school to paper a doll house!" cried Mrs. Littletail. "Certainly not."

"Well, I don't care!" said Susie. "I think it's mean that I can't stay home."

Uncle Wiggily looked over the top of the Cabbage Leaf Gazette, the morning paper he was reading. "You hop along to school like a good little rabbit girl, Susie," he said, "and I'll fix up your doll house."

"Oh, will you, really?" asked Susie.

"I really will," promised the rabbit gentleman.

Susie clasped her paws in delight. Soon the little rabbit bunny girl was on her way to school.

Wiggily: Seems to me you could find something else to do besides playing with doll houses," said Lulu Jane.

Uncle Wiggily found some paper left over when the Littletail burrow had been papered the spring before, and he took it to his room in the doll house that needed it. Then he painted the chimney a fresh red color, and he swept out the house, and then Uncle Wiggily laughed.

"What's the matter?" asked Nurse Jane, curious and suspicious like.

"Oh, I just thought of something," answered Uncle Wiggily, as he started off across the fields.

"I thought you were going to fix Susie's doll house," said the muskrat lady.

"Oh, I am not forgetting!" again laughed Uncle Wiggily.

After a while school was out, and Susie came home with Lulu and Alice Wiggilwobble, the duck girls. "Uncle Wiggily fix my doll house?" cried Susie as soon as she reached home.

"Yes, it's all fixed," answered Uncle Wiggily himself for he had returned home from wherever he had gone.

He went with Susie, Lulu and Alice to the play room.

"Oh, how lovely!" quacked Lulu and Alice.

"Thank you, Uncle Wiggily," said Susie.

She and the duck girls crossed the room, when all of a sudden, Lulu Wiggilwobble quacked and cried: "Oh, look, Susie! One of your dolls has come to life!"

And, surely enough, so it seemed. Susie saw a little creature, dressed like her small celluloid doll, walking out of the make-believe house. Susie looked at Uncle Wiggily in surprise.

Uncle Wiggily just laughed, and so did the little walking doll.

"No, Susie," said the doll, suddenly speaking. "I'm just Squeakie-Eakie, the cousin mouse. Uncle Wiggily came over and got me, after he fixed up the little house for you. He told me to put one of the celluloid doll's dresses and to come walking out of the doll house natural like to surprise you."

"Well, you certainly surprised me!" laughed Susie. "You're so small and cute, you seem just like a little doll."

And then Squeakie-Eakie played in the doll house with Susie, Lulu and Alice, and they had a fine time, and they thought Mr. Longears was very funny to think of such a joke.

## IS THIS YOUR TYPE?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

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## The Ideal Chin

The ideal for the feminine chin has varied but little through the ages, at least so far as the white races are concerned. To be sure, the red man admires the broad chin because that is the kind that he finds in the most beautiful Indian maidens and doubtless the Chinaman is content to admire the smooth snub Mongolian chin. But for the Aryan, from the days of ancient Greece to our own, it has been the small, round, definite, but not large, chin that has been usually most admired on a woman's face.

The idea is that the rather massive chin, the chin that is broad, indicates considerable determination.

## HOROSCOPE.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1920

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An unimportant day in planetary direction, according to astrology. Neptune and the Sun are both adverse. The aspect operating most strongly is likely to encourage mental depression and discouragement.

Neptune contributes an influence under which deception is easy. The mind readily harbors destructive thoughts. Scandals find harbor, and for this reason aspirants for political honors may suffer misrepresentation.

Women are warned against the dangers of gossip which will come to them from many sources to disturb their faith in the progress of the world. All who would ask favors or seek support in any enterprise may be unlucky if they make any applications during this way. It is wise to delay initiative of every sort.

Colonization schemes will gain popularity in the coming spring, the seers predict, and several of these will prove that waste places, easy of access, may be redeemed.

To the West and the North lies a part of the land in which minds will ferment with strange ideas that may have an unexpected result in this year's elections, the seers predict.

Energy that may be misdirected, will be loosed a little later. Men and women should focus their powers on the things that count.

New York City seems to be subject to a planetary government of the stars making for radical changes in long-established customs and traditional modes of life.

Chicago will be the center of great political movements in the coming weeks, for the city is under an influence of the stars supposed to cause mental activity along radical lines.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the forecast of a peaceful, happy year in which their lives flow smoothly in old channels.

Children born on this day may be high-strung and restless, but these subjects of Pisces usually succeed. They should have artistic talents.

So the ideal woman must not have too broad or too heavy a chin. On the other hand, her chin must be the right symmetry to the "perfect" sufficiently well defined to furnish the right symmetry to the perfect oval," so much admired in a woman's face. Lacking this she seems to be deficient in delicacy and daintiness.

Except among the works of the most markedly realistic artists, it is



Mona Lisa Chin.

hard, until within fairly recent years, to find paintings of women who possessed anything but this small round chin. But any number of charming women whose photographs we see have had chins that are too pointed or too square or too squat to be consistent with the ideal. The point is that painters so delight in painting the perfect chin that it is hard to find any other sort among those women who lived before the days of photography.

It is sometimes said that the chin of the American woman is becoming broader and larger, and there are those who say that climatic conditions that made the Indian's chin broad and heavy are tending to give our features Indian proportions. This means that the small round chin so much admired by the Italian artists of old—the chin that you find so admirably portrayed in Leonardo's Mona Lisa—is becoming less and less usual in Americans. All the more it is admired when we find a woman who possesses it.

## The Young Ladies' Shop

1113 G STREET N. W.

## Two Important and Special DRESS SALES

SEVERAL New York manufacturers, in a quandary, due to bad weather and poor delivery facilities, owing to recent storm conditions, have sent us another consignment of beautiful dresses. These we offer, beginning tomorrow morning, at prices suggesting enormous savings.

**DRESSES**  
Values to  
**\$49.75**

Eighty-five handsome spring models in tricotine, taffeta, Tricolette, Georgette and serge. Each garment a perfect gem for beauty of design and fabric. All the newest shades represented in this augmented gathering.

**Sale Price**  
**\$25.00**



See  
Window  
Display

**DRESSES**  
Values to  
**\$69.50**

Beauty is more than manifested in this exquisite gathering of silk dresses for midday. Enchanting models in fine tricotine, Georgette, satin, Poirer twill, Silk Duverine and crepe de chine. Early callers get first pick. Come early!

**Sale Price**  
**\$39.50**

## Just For Today Only!

THRILLING WAIST VALUES

Main Floor Formerly Sold up to \$10.00 **\$5.95** Main Floor

**New Hair Remover In Demand, Say Druggists**  
(Phelacine Removes Roots and "All")

Since the virtues of phelacine as a hair remover became generally known, druggists in this country have been having a really extraordinary demand for this remarkable product. The fact that it actually removes the roots—before any of very eyes—as well as the surface hairs, is of course mainly responsible for its large and increasing sale.

The new method is not to be compared at all with the usual depilatory, electrical or other processes. It is entirely safe, non-irritating, non-poisonous, odorless and instantaneous! A stick of phelacine, used in accordance with the directions, removes the hair, section by section, in a matter of minutes, and is certain to satisfy and delight the user.

Sweet flowers must bloom on Nancy's skirt  
As she goes out to dance the flirt.  
The soft chiffon, it must appear,  
Is held by wide wire hoops, my dear.  
The bodice, which is very tight,  
Is made of satin, oyster white.